

The Way to Build up Wrangell:  
Patronize Wrangell Merchants

# ALASKA SENTINEL.

Money Spent Here is Used Here;  
Send it East, and it is Gone

VOL. 6. NO. 50.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## DEPARTMENT STORE

### No. 10 and 12 Shells

loaded with

"Infallible"

Smokeless

Powder

and Chilled Shot

### SPORTSMEN

Who are attracted to Wrangell more and more every year by the

UNSURPASSED  
GOOSE AND DUCK SHOOTING  
IN THIS VICINITY

Can find at this store everything they need in the line of

GUNS, AMMUNITION,  
AND SUPPLIES

Remington Ejector Guns, Pump Guns, Other  
Guns, Tents and Stoves, Rubber Footwear  
Oiled Clothing and Mackinaws a Specialty

### Launches and Guides

For

Hunting and

Shooting

Parties

Engaged on Application

A Cup of Hot Coffee Made from Hills Bros.' "Everfresh" Brand Makes You feel Good after a Long Day's Hunt

We invite Correspondence in regard to the Big  
Game Hunting in the Cassiar Country, and Re-  
liable Information Cheerfully Given.

**F. MATHESON**  
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

We give the Closest and Promptest Attention to  
orders sent in by Mail from Outlying Towns  
and Camps, and Solicit that Trade.

**Stickine Tribe No. 5**  
**Imp. O. R. M.**  
Meets Tuesday evening of each  
week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell,  
Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.  
J. H. WHEELER, Sachem.  
A. V. R. SYDNER, C. of R.

**S. C. SHURICK, M.D.**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
Calls Attended Day or Night  
Office in Rooms Vacated by Dr. DeVighe  
WRANGELL, ALASKA

**C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.**  
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.  
Office in Patenaude Building  
Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5  
Other hours by Appointment  
WRANGELL, ALASKA

**WITH PENCIL  
AND SHEARS**

Items of Interest Gathered From  
Here and There

Dr. Shurick returned from Juneau in  
the Jefferson.

Three new gasoline engines arrived in  
town this week.

Mrs. L. P. Hunt came over from Sha-  
nan by the last Uncle Dan.

Capt. Parrott is recovering slowly  
from the effects of his accident of two  
weeks ago.

Messrs Kinney and Marshall came in  
last week from a jaunt up in the Farrar-  
kut Bay section.

Two or three big game hunting parties  
arrived down from Cassiar last week  
with their trophies.

The Challenge was placed in her cradle  
at high tide, Sunday last, and will  
now receive her repairs.

That Stikine breeze which has been  
blowing for the past day or two has a  
familiar "touch." Look out for fire.

The assessed valuation of Wrangell  
property is this year given at \$120,000,  
which, with the levy of ten mills, will  
return \$1,200.

Sam Guyot, the popular traveling  
salesman, spent a day or two in town  
during the week.

Frank Waterbury could not get a berth  
on the Jefferson, and remained to catch  
the next steamer.

The amount of the damages sustained  
by the Cottage City in her recent colli-  
sion in Puget Sound has been estimated  
at about \$10,000.

Owing to the prevailing high winds of  
last week the Uncle Dan arrived here  
Thursday night, a day late, leaving Fri-  
day for the return.

Nels Nelson, the boat builder, has  
been under the weather most of the  
summer, and is just recovering strength  
enough to get around.

C. Denny, proprietor of the Mint Sal-  
oon, is soon to keep a big pot of fine  
clam chowder constantly on hand for  
the delectation of his patrons.

Fred Wigg intends building a 35-foot  
launch in which to install the engine  
from the boat he is now running. The  
engine is too heavy for his present small  
craft.

Several parties were disappointed last  
week by not being able to obtain pas-  
sage on the southbound Jefferson. The  
ship was crowded to overflowing with  
passengers.

The little launch Telephone, which  
drifted out of Duncan Canal and went  
ashore near St. John's Harbor, some  
weeks ago, is undergoing some repairs  
by Hans Nelson.

The Gano Bros., of the local shingle  
mill, left out last Saturday to put in a  
lot of red cedar logs for next season.  
Before they left they put 200,000 fine  
shingles on the wharf for shipment.

The falling along the new walk on  
Church Street is nearing completion,  
and when this is done that walk will be  
a source of pride to Wrangell. There is  
room, however, for more new walks.

Steamer Corwin, southbound from  
Nome, came down through the "inside  
route" in response to a wireless message  
from Sitka while the steamer was still  
at sea. The little steamer called here  
for passengers Monday.

The cares, trials and tribulations of a  
newspaper man often cause him to over-  
look news items, and such was our case  
last week. We failed to mention that  
Marie Thomsen fell and sprained her  
wrist in a painful manner, and also that  
little George Churchill had been quite  
ill. Both are improved.

Subscribe for the SENTINEL and help  
to keep up home industries.

Steamer City of Seattle arrived north  
last night, bringing mail and freight.

Have you ever tried Lava Soap? It  
works equally well in salt or fresh water.  
10 cents a bar at Matheson's.

Canadian Pacific steamer Princess Be-  
atrice called at Wrangell, southbound,  
Tuesday afternoon, to pick up the big  
game hunters.

Sunday's minimum temperature was  
31; Monday the mercury dropped one  
degree, and Tuesday it reached 28. The  
maximum for the three days was 48.

Tommy Moore has bought one of the  
big Feltzborough canoes from the Cana-  
dian boundary survey party, and will  
install a gasoline engine. Tommy says  
he is tired of the ash breeze.

Some time Monday night John Coon's  
power dory drifted out of the harbor.  
Walter Dorf went out in a rowboat to  
search for the missing craft, but up to  
this time setting had not found it.

A conservative estimate of the average  
price of the gasoline engines received in  
Wrangell during the past three years is  
\$200. Not less than fifty engines have  
been bought, and that sums up \$10,000,  
a very nice nest egg.

Steamer Tampico, four days out from  
Seattle, arrived here late Saturday night  
with mail and freight. The Tampico  
will continue on the run for the Pacific  
Coast company until the return of the  
Cottage City to duty.

Mr. Pike's party of miners arrived  
down from Thibet Creek, Tuesday after-  
noon, in a big bateau with George Kle-  
quitz at the helm. Members of the  
party say that they suffered more from  
cold than in any former year.

Charley Ross' new launch is well un-  
der way at Hans Nelson's shop at the  
end of Stikine Avenue. The ribs are of  
oak and are 2x2 1/2 inches, and the plank-  
ing is to be 1 1/2-inch fir. The boat ought  
surely to hold together, even in very  
rough weather.

Keep that spelling school matter in  
mind. There is keen enjoyment in  
"choosin' up sides" and trying to spell  
the other side down. Nobody knows  
better than a newspaper man how sadly  
this branch of education is sometimes  
neglected in the schools. During this  
writer's experience he has met many  
people whose educations were complete  
with the exception of orthography, and  
in writing letters this deficiency is most  
apparent.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We are pleased to announce to our  
subscribers that we find the sentiment  
of the majority of Wrangell citizens is  
that the SENTINEL continue in business.  
We find that the majority of the people  
approve of the manner in which this  
paper deals with the important topics  
Our proof for this statement is the fact  
that we have added more cash subscrip-  
tions to our list during the past week  
than during any two months previous.  
We have got some new ads. and have  
assurances of more to come. So the  
paper will not cease publication. And  
we promise our subscribers some very  
interesting reading.

Next year occurs the Seattle Exposi-  
tion, and that will draw to Alaska a big  
tourist business, and our patrons, just  
at this time, are to be congratulated  
upon their loyalty to the paper. If the  
doors of this office had been forced to  
close for lack of patronage, and tourists  
had asked if there was a paper printed  
in town, it would not have sounded well  
for a citizen to answer, "We did have  
one, but some of the business men  
chased it out of town."

[The assurances which we now have  
were given us after our leading editorial  
was put in type.]

It begins to look as though Logan  
Havird and Frank Smith have come to  
grief. Last week Havird's boat was  
found broken to pieces on Van's Is-  
land. Near the boat, and scattered prom-  
iscuously about the beach, were a lot  
of provisions. Havird and Smith were  
known to be together, and the discovery  
on Van's Island would point to their  
probable drowning.

Somebody last week shot a good dog  
belonging to Peter Jensen, and Peter is  
justly indignant. He says that the dog  
never harmed anybody, and was invalu-  
able to him, both as a companion and  
for retrieving game, and if he could ob-  
tain sufficient evidence he would make  
it warm for whoever shot the animal.

Charley Benjamin and Albert McCay  
arrived down the river from Clearwater  
last week. They have been cutting  
wood for the Hudson's Bay Company's  
River steamers, and had piled up over a  
hundred cords, but the snow drove them  
down the river. They report that there  
had been no ice up to the time they left.

We are pleased to chronicle a visit to  
this port by the trim little revenue cut-  
ter Perry, last week. The government  
has at last been prevailed upon to keep  
a cutter in S. E. Alaska.

## THLINGET TRADING CO.

announce the arrival of a shipment of  
**Buckingham & Hecht Winter Shoes**  
Best Values Ever Shown in Wrangell

Our Big Stock of  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**  
comprises everything with which to equip the home or camp

**SPECIAL**  
We have on hand a fine lot of wall paper and mouldings. In order to  
close out this stock to make room for other goods which are constantly  
arriving, we will offer you the choice, while the stock lasts, at just  
**HALF PRICE**

Marion Gano has traded Al Osborne a  
lot in Tacoma for the gasoline launch  
which Al bought at auction a few weeks  
ago. The shingle company will use the  
launch for towing.

Alf. Roche returned last week from  
the west coast, where he has been cook-  
ing for the road commission on the  
Prince of Wales Island Portage during  
the past season. He says that the road  
building has been pushed rapidly, but  
that the work done was of a permanent  
nature. The work was closed on ac-  
count of bad weather.

Deputy Marshal Grant is of the opin-  
ion that the department of justice will  
next year make some extensive improve-  
ments to the public grounds at Wan-  
gell. A new jail will be built in March  
and it may be possible that a new court  
house and new walks will follow. Next  
year will be none too soon for these im-  
provements, as the buildings are now  
a disgrace to the government.

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, special agent for  
the Alaska exhibit at the A. Y. P. E.  
for education, art and woman's work, is

now at Metlakatla, getting together dogs and other points. Mrs. Hart will  
the exhibit from that place. She has been at Wrangell soon, and upon her arri-  
val will call a meeting. It is hoped our  
tham, after visiting the Copper River Wrangell ladies will show an interest  
country, where she organized and col- equal to that displayed at the other  
lected at Seward, Valdez, Katala. Cor- points mentioned.

## The Shurick Drug Co.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D., Proprietor  
Purest of Drugs and Chemicals

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals and  
Imperial Candies. Exclusive Wrangell Agent for the  
Famous Palmer's Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

Orders by Mail Receive Prompt  
and Careful Attention

Courteous Treatment and Correct  
Prices Always Assured



## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

A raise of salary is the sincerest flattery.

Between China's disastrous floods and Canada's forest fires there is not much to choose.

While the Duma cheered the Czar the other day, it did not attempt to break any records.

If Peary doesn't find the north pole, the next thing anybody knows Roosevelt will be going in search of it.

A Russian grand duke has lost his job. It is probable, however, that his income will suffer no diminution.

A man may return from his vacation pretty "short," but as a rule you can't get him to cut his yarns that way.

"Changeless Change" is the title of a recently published sonnet. It sounds suspiciously like a counterfeit 10-cent piece.

A man in Trenton, N. J., it is said, sheds his skin yearly, after the manner of a snake. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A New York woman claims that she is haunted by the ghost of her mother-in-law. Another usurpation of the rights of man.

A Connecticut farmer tried to fly with paper wings. The result was just the same as if he had taken a flyer in Wall street—he broke.

Men who never thought much of King Alfonso may change their minds and regard him as a brother, since he has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Merely because Santo Domingo has sold its navy for \$1,750 it is not to be inferred that the country is hard up. That may have been a big price for the navy.

One of George Gould's boys is going to don overalls and hob-nail shoes and go to work in a Colorado mine. We hope he has the approval of Uncle Helle.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

A Pittsburg man recently married the young woman with whom he became acquainted when he returned her lost dog. Moral for bachelors: Be kind to lost dogs.

Cuba has a surplus of \$5,000,000. How provoking this must be to a lot of Spanish grandees who are compelled to sit around home and live on restricted incomes.

Congress is expected to follow the precedent established when a pension was granted to the widow of President Garfield by granting a pension to Mrs. Cleveland. It is fitting that those ladies who have presided over the White House when it was occupied by their husbands should be wards of the nation.

The Pope is credited with the remark that if the Roman Catholic Church could be as highly respected in other countries as in the United States he would be in favor of the separation of church and state everywhere. The church is respected here because communities of the United States all began with a policy of religious freedom, and have never tolerated a state church. In the other countries, where the supremacy of one church was established by law, it is not easy to hold respect when the preference is withdrawn.

One of the whimsical characters in a story by Miss Alice Brown conceived the idea of a "patent dog barker," which could be put in the front yard by unprotected women to frighten tramps away by mechanical imitation of a dog. Paris has outdone this comic idea in sober earnest. Some people try to escape the dog tax by concealing their animals. The police have secured the service of professional barkers, who "make a noise like a dog" outside suspected houses. The dog inside replies, and the barker reports to the tax-collector.

Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. There were only eight States of the Union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine. Only four produced a larger crop. Not one even approached Maine in the number of bushels to the acre. The average yield was two hundred and ten bushels to the acre, and no other State raised more than one hundred and seventy-five bushels. The average for the whole country was only one hundred and two. Nor was it an exceptional year, for the average crop of Maine has been the largest in every year since 1903. Buckwheat is not a very important crop, but it is raised in twenty-four of the States. In this, too, Maine stands at the head in average crop per acre: New Hampshire is second, Vermont third, and Massachusetts fourth. Since 1900 the lowest average yield of buckwheat in Maine

was twenty-eight bushels to the acre, in 1906. The highest yield in those seven years in any State outside of New England was twenty-two and a half bushels.

"Fret not thy gizzard." There was once a good old grandmother who gave this advice to everybody. She declared, and firmly believed, that it came from the Bible, though she did not know just where it could be found. But she insisted that it was somewhere between the covers of the Good Book. The old woman was right. It is in the Good Book, not only in one place, but in many, and though she did not have the exact language in which the advice is given, she had its sense, which is of vastly greater importance. The world is full of men and women who are constantly fretting their gizzards, and with what result? None, except to increase the income of the doctor and the undertaker and to fill the hospitals for the insane, and the cemeteries. Ask any doctor what causes the majority of the mental breakdowns and the most of the cases of nervous troubles, and he will tell you it is fretting. Some people blame work, but work never hurt anybody. On the contrary, it keeps men and women alive. Overwork, though, claims thousands, but overwork is altogether another thing; and the overworkers are generally fretters. Each leads to the other. The human gizzard was not designed by nature to bear the strain of fretting, and the man who frets it much is sure to break it. The old woman's advice does not mean that man should refuse to take his work or anything else seriously. It does not mean that he should view with unconcern or treat lightly any of his problems. But it does mean that he should not fret over them when he has applied his best efforts to them. It means that if you have something to do, do it; and with your whole energy. When you have done all you can do, don't fret your gizzard over the result. All the fretting in the world will have no effect upon the outcome. Await it without stewing and worrying, and if it is against you, tackle it again. Fret your gizzard and you will lack the strength to renew the fight with the vigor that is necessary to win. It means you are not to fret over things beyond your control. It does not mean that you should not view them in seriousness and with proper regard of importance and consequences. But don't worry over them until you fret your gizzard. We are traveling at a fast pace in this country. The spirit of the day is one that calls for speed. The man who can keep it up must look after his gizzard. Fret it not.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple. It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e., clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and makeup attractive, and be sure to refer to the seasonal goods at the proper time.

If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware.

### THE ORIGINAL SHEATH GOWN.



Had Been "Jawed" Often. Tommy (aged 10)—Say, paw, what is the bone of contention? Mr. Henpeck.—The jawbone.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.



There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations. But let it be a union upon principles of mutual benefit and helpfulness both to the laborer and to the manufacturer, both to the workman and to the contractor.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, insisting upon only skilled mechanics for mechanics' pay. Let it consider the interests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say: "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union. They will have no one in the union but a first-class man."

Let the union have clubrooms, and discuss thrift and temperance and home sanitation and ways and means of getting the home and furnishing it with books and periodicals for mental improvement, and spend some of the time in amusements and healthy games now spent in the saloons. Let the energy now being put into opposition to capital be used in self-improvement and furnishing a higher class of mechanic.

## TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland.



Concentration of mind in harmonious relation with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted. Concentration of mind is not a faculty; it is an acquired ability to command the faculties of mind and of body, and for the best results this acquirement must insure a harmonious relation between brain and brawn. Advice to a man, "You must concentrate yourself in your work," is about as ineffective as to suggest to him that he grow four inches taller than he is. If he has come to maturity without learning concentration, he is not likely ever to appreciate the need sufficiently to undergo the training necessary to get it.

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a move has been considered and determined upon the move will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to everyone interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependableness in the man. It is

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

## ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana.



To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions. It is one of the attributes of God, one of the perfections which we contemplate in our ideas of him, that there is no opposition in His will and His vision between the impulses of His nature and the events of His life. This is what we commonly designate as omnipotence and creation.

In the contemplation of beauty our faculties of perception have the same perfection; it is, indeed, from the experience of beauty and happiness, from the occasional harmony between our nature and our environment that we draw our conception of the Divine life. There is, then, a real propriety in calling beauty a manifestation of God to the senses, since, in the region of sense, the perception of beauty exemplifies that adequacy and perfection which in general we objectify in an ideal of God.

## PEOPLE, NOT THE BOSSES, RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



Gov. HUGHES.

You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prove as child's play if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader has a right to assume the role of dictator, or so to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them before the people as subject to his domination.

## THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket.  
That's the thing!  
To scurry in the grass  
And to have one's fling!  
And it's oh, to be a cricket  
In the warm thistle-thicket  
Where the sun-winds pass,  
Winds a-wing,  
And the bumble-bees hang humming,  
Hum and swing,  
And the honey-drops are coming!  
It's to be a summer rover,  
That can see a sweet and pick it  
With the sting!  
Never mind the sting!  
And it's oh to be a cricket  
In the clover!  
A gay summer rover  
In the warm thistle-thicket,  
Where the honey-drops are coming,  
Where the bumble-bees hang humming—  
That's the thing!

## Meeting the Question

Viola met the postman at the front door. He gave her two letters; one was addressed in Diana Colvert's absurdly angular hand, and was bulky, with a fortnight's accumulated effusion; the other bore her name in the familiar calligraphy of Eustace Vandiver, who had proposed to her quarterly for half a dozen years.

She went out and sat down on the veranda steps and broke the seal of the first one with eager fingers; Diana's letters were interesting, if rather voluminous. She consumed the first eight pages avidly, then suddenly the sheets fell from her hands and fluttered to the ground. The roses, the hollyhocks, the snapdragons, the violets and jessamine, nodding and drooping in the sun-warmed air, melted swiftly into a hideous rainbow of impossible color, the maternal chirping of the birds grew harsh and mocking, the blue of the sky turned black. At last she stooped and gathered the letter into her trembling hands and went on with her reading.

The minister, their minister, going to be married and move to Cloverdale! Billy Colvert, Diana's brother, had had a letter from him, so there could be no mistake about it. And she—what a little simpleton she had been to waste her affections on someone who was going to wed another girl. Surely, in their intimate relations of the last year he must have guessed her mortifying secret; probably he was taking this very step to get clear of her. Burning tears sprang to Viola's eyes and dripped over her throbbing cheeks. But she dashed them away in fierce self-scorn, and read on to the end, her lips compressed, the blood scorching her temples.

There were his exact words, quoted from Billy's letter: "I am seriously considering making a change in my residence. I hope soon to marry the

dearest girl in the world and bring her with me to Cloverdale. But, of course, it will rest with her whether I shall accept the call or not—that is a woman's prerogative, isn't it? However, let us see you in Brookwood whenever it suits your convenience to come, etc."

Viola folded up the closely written sheets and returned them to the envelope. Then she opened young Vandiver's letter with mechanical fingers and glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth declaration of love, accompanied by an impassioned plea to marry him and sail for Europe in June, whither he was going to complete his course at Heidelberg. Go abroad—away from it all—show him that she had not given her love unasked, and that—  
She flung back her head with a quick accession of pride, and excitement a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes. She would do it; yes, she would accept Eustace Vandiver and go with him to the ends of the earth if need be—anywhere away from this.

II.  
She went to her room and sat down at her desk, but something seemed to dull her brain and numb her hands; she could not write a syllable. In despair she took her portfolio under her arm and returned to the veranda; the shade of the orchard beyond enticed her and she ran down the steps and



HE GAVE HER TWO LETTERS.

past the flower beds to the gate on the other side. Entering, she sought her favorite retreat in the fork of a gnarled old apple tree. A lazy breeze was blowing, stirring the leaves about her with a vague, musical rustle, and cooling the hot blood in her cheeks. She took up her pen and selected a sheet of note paper. A twig cracked sharply, and she sat up alert. The paper slipped from her fingers.

"Did I startle you?" Inquired a deep voice under the apple tree.  
"Not the least," said she, disposing herself with studied primness against the knotted limb at her back.  
The minister vaulted the lower limb easily and picked out a comfortable seat opposite, tossing his hat on a network of branches.  
Viola regarded him first with coldness, then with assumed indifference, finally with a friendly smile that was

the hardest thing she had ever accomplished in her twenty-one years. But he must never, never guess—unless he had already done so. And if he had she must set to work to prove to him that he was altogether wrong!  
"Viola," he began in his straightforward way, "I've come to you with a confession. I hope you are not going to—to disapprove?"  
For a second the girl said nothing. He looked rather young for his age, she thought. He must be at least 38, but his black hair was full of waves, his eyes bright and clear, his face ruddy with health.

"I'm considering a somewhat important step," he went on musingly, his glance sweeping the sky, the ground, and settling at last upon her slightly flushed face, "and I want your—your advice."

"Mine?" she queried, a tiny furrow wrinkling the bridge of her nose. She crossed her hands at the back of her head and stared past him at the rows of apple trees in the distance.  
The minister regarded her solemnly for a moment, opening his lips twice to speak, then closing them again uncertainly. A shadow drifted across his good-looking face. "Perhaps," he suggested with a downward inflection, "the affair does not interest you?"

Viola could not suppress a smile at the lugubrious countenance before her, and, steadying her breath, she gazed straight into the minister's eyes. But only for a flash. Something in them that she could not altogether make out caused her to turn her head with a swift heartbeat.

"Of course, it interests me," she said with a rush of enthusiasm, recollecting her role, "I thought you were sure of that—always."

He straightened himself then, and with a gesture of determination broke precipitately into the subject. "It's about some one I love," he said, speaking rapidly, "someone, I want to be my wife."

Viola colored furiously; the leaves all about her quivered gently. But she pulled herself together and said in a very matter-of-fact tone:

"You want my advice about her? Well, then you will have to tell me something about her; her disposition, her hair, her eyes—everything, you know."

The minister contemplated her with a fatuous expression.

"Why—as to her disposition," he replied earnestly, "that is all that could be desired—perfect. Her eyes," he scrutinized her with surreptitious anxiety, "her eyes are splendidly, wonderfully brown—" He paused. Viola listened movelessly. "Her hair is brown, too—and—most beautiful."

A queer silence followed his words. When Viola looked up she was pale, but valiant, and she seemed all at once thousands of miles away.

"She must be very, very lovely—this girl," she said, dreamily. "Do I know her?"

The minister looked somewhat inscrutable as he made reply:

"I am not sure—perhaps you do not." She returned his gaze with absent eyes.

"Well?" he prompted with an enigmatic smile.

"Well, I really don't see what I'm to tell you except that I'm delighted to know you are so—so happy and that—that—" she bit her lips, "to congratulate you and—"

"But it is not time for congratulations," he interposed thoughtfully, "you don't understand."

"No," said she, shaking her head. "No, I'm afraid I do not."

"It's this way," he pursued eagerly, bending near to her, "I've been called to Cloverdale. I don't want to go without first finding out whether she will go with me." He reddened and broke off, keeping his hands locked to the limbs on which they were resting.

"The only thing," remarked Viola, with sage eyes and a sinking heart, "is to tell her that truth and get it over quick." She caught her breath. "May-be you have told her?" she suggested tentatively.

"Not just as I should like to."

"Then you will, at once? Put you, fate to the test, as they say in tire-some love stories."

"Do you consider them tiresome?"

"Other people's."

"Then we'll not waste any more time discussing other people's." He bent farther, till his warm breath fanned the loose gold about her temples.

"Viola," he said, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh," she said, "I don't—"

"You don't love me!" with swiftly clouding eyes.

Viola met his look with a wonderful little smile breaking through the shadows of her face. "But—but my hair isn't brown at all," she said bewilderingly, "and my eyes are unmistakably blue."

"And mine," laughed he, with his arms about her, "are color-blind. Shall I go to Cloverdale?"

"We mustn't think of it," she said.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## REFUSES TO GO TO CIRCUS.

Farmer Tells Why Excitement Is Too Costly for Him.

In riding along the highway I noticed that all the barns were covered with circus pictures and by and by, when I came along to where an old farmer was cutting weeds outside his gate, I asked:

"Well, uncle, I suppose you will go to the circus next week?"

"I couldn't do it," he solemnly replied, accompanied by several shakes of his head.

"Are you afraid that the elephants will break loose?"

"No, I'm afraid of myself."

"As to how?"

"Last fall," he said, as he straightened up to lean on the hoe handle, "I went cooning one night in that corn-field over there. The dog routed out a coon and the pesky varmint headed for a tree that stood where you see that stump. I had just finished building a \$400 barn where you see that mess of timbers and boards. The dog followed the coon and I followed the dog. It was a big, fat coon and his pelt was worth all of 40 cents."

"I see," said I, as he made a long pause.

"I never knew that I was an excitable man before, but they say they heard me holler two miles away. I meant to have that varmint. When he treed I ran for the ax. The old woman came out and yelled at me, but I chopped and whooped and whooped and chopped, and then the tree came crashing down it smashed the barn as flat as a door nail and the coon got away. Am I going to the circus? Well, I guess not! I'm going to root up weeds and hoe in the garden and be the quietest man in this hull state for the next year to come!"—Baltimore American.

## Sly Old Commodore.

"When Commodore Vanderbilt was alive," says a New York Central official, "the board of directors of the New York Central used to find their work all cut out for them when they met. All they had to do was to ratify his plans and adjourn. Yet they had their uses. Occasionally a man would come to him with some scheme which he did not care to refuse outright.

"My directors are a difficult body of men to handle," he would say. "I'll submit it to 'em, but I warn you that they are hard to manage."

"The matter would be submitted to the board when it assembled and promptly rejected."

"There," the commodore would say when his visitor came to learn the result. "I did the best I could, but I told you in advance that my directors were an obstinate lot."

## Cool.

"Edith," the old gentleman bawled from the head of the stairs, "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, pa," replied the dear girl in the parlor; then, after a pause, "Jack says yes, if you're sleepy, go on to bed, by all means."—Philadelphia Press.

## An Unenthusiastic Host.

"Did you invite Mr. Biggins to our house party?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I'm afraid he considers house parties stupid. He sent his regrets."

"He shows sense. I have a mind to send him my congratulations."—Washington Star.

Very few people reach forty without wishing they had been more careful with their health.

## Old Favorites

### Tired of Play.

"Tired of play! Tired of play!" What hast thou done this livelong day? The birds are silent, and so is the bee; The sun is creeping up steeple and tree; The doves have flown to the sheltering caves,  
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;  
Twilight gathers and day is done—  
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

"Playing?" but what hast thou done beside  
To tell thy mother at eventide?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken?  
What kind words to thy playmates spoken?

Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?

How with thy faults has duty striven?  
What hast thou learned by field and hill,  
By Greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day  
That will find thee tired—but not at play!

And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,  
With drooping limbs and aching brow,  
And wish that the shadows would faster creep.

And long to go to thy quiet sleep,  
Well were it then, if thine aching brow  
Were as free from sin and shame as now!  
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell  
A tale like this, of a day spent well.

If thine open hand hath relieved distress,  
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness,  
If thou hast forgiven the sore offense,  
And humbled thy heart with penitence;  
If nature's voices have spoken to thee  
With her holy meanings eloquently;  
If every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove;

If never a sad, low-spoken word  
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard;

Then, when the night steals on, as now,  
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,  
And with joy and peace at the thought  
Of rest,

Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.  
—N. P. Willis.

## COUGHS AND THE NOSE.

Many Stubborn Cases Due to Trouble in Nasal Fossae.

There are people who have a stubborn cough which lasts for months and years and which the more rational treatment is unable to cure. This was the case with a woman, of whom M. Lermoyez, of Paris, recently reported his observations to the Societe Medicale des Hopitaux, and who coughed for eleven years without anyone being able to cause this infirmity to disappear, until one day, after an examination of her nose, the ablation of polypsi cured it suddenly and definitely.

A cough with a nasal origin, therefore exists which may be more frequent than one is led to believe. It is, M. Lermoyez says, generally termed a nervous cough. This term is at the same time an error in diagnosis and leads to an insufficient treatment.

The nasal cough occurs when two morbid conditions are realized simultaneously; these are an exaggerated sensibility of the mucous membrane of the nose and a local cause of irritation. This local excitant may be either hay fever or a polypus in the nose.

Nasal coughs have certain characteristics which may serve to render them recognizable. They are dry, convulsive, progressive, irresistible.

What often deceives as to the cause of these fits of coughing is a nasal subjective illusion. The sufferer from a nasal cough feels that it is caused by a pricking sensation in the larynx, and, on the contrary, notices no tickling in the nose.

A systematic examination of the nasal fossae of all people who cough is, therefore, necessary. Sometimes a large lesion is found in them, floating polypsi which irritates the mucous membrane; sometimes the latter seems normal, but at certain points cough-producing zones are found which are revealed by two complimentary signs: production of the cough by the irritation of the said zones, suppression of the cough by the coagulation of the zones.

The diagnosis of the nasal origin of a cough considerably attenuates its prognosis. This cough when not recognized continues almost indefinitely; when recognized it gives way almost always to a rational local treatment, and sometimes disappears with astonishing rapidity.

Thanks are due to M. Lermoyez for calling attention to the role, scarcely suspected until now, by which the mucous membrane of the nose plays in the persistence of certain coughs; and in case of need recourse will be had to the therapeutical means which this knowledge indicates.—Paris Edition of New York Herald.

## Luck.

"I suppose you wouldn't part with this dear old farm house for anything," said the enthusiastic girl.

"No," answered Farmer Cornlossel, "I don't expect to."

"You regard it as a kind of mascot, don't you?"

"Well, the fellow that managed to sell it to my father was pretty lucky."

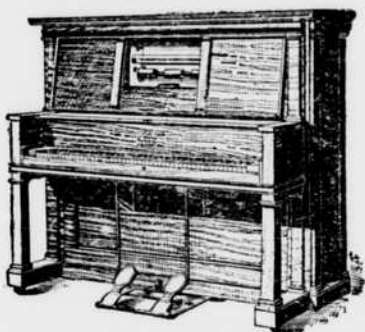


## Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

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## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1248—Construction of the Cathedral of Cologne begun.

1461—Louis XI. of France crowned at Rheims.

1645—Peace concluded between Sweden and Denmark.

1670—John Dryden created Poet Laureate of England.

1741—Behring, the navigator, discovered East Cape.

1756—Fort Oswego captured by the French under Montcalm.

1765—Pontiac's war for the extermination of the English in America came to an end.

1775—Liberty Tree in Boston consecrated.

1776—Constitution of Maryland adopted.

1780—Americans defeated British and Tories at battle of Musgrove Mills.

1802—Bonaparte invested with power to nominate his successor as ruler of France.

1804—Work begun on the first public road between Georgia and Tennessee.

1807—British army invested Copenhagen.

1836—British Parliament passed the Dis-senters' Marriage Act.

1838—The first United States exploring expedition sailed under Commander Wilkes.

1846—Gen. Kearney took peaceable possession of Santa Fe, Mexico.

1860—The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) arrived at Quebec.

1868—Cabal recovered by Shere Ali.

1884—Mme. Patti sued for divorce from Marquis de Caux.

1888—More than 100 lives lost in collision of the German steamers Tichonoff and Geiser off Sable Island.

1891—Between 300 and 400 lives lost in earthquake in Martinique.

1893—The Behring Sea arbitration award was delivered.

1904—Russian and Japanese warships engaged in battle off Vladivostok.



A trial week of dispatching trains by telephone from the stations of the Lackawanna system has resulted in the adoption of the phones.

The line of the Wisconsin Central road from Ladysmith to Superior has been completed as far as the Northern Pacific crossing within the Superior city limits.

Several hundred thousand freight cars may be standing idle, as the railroad managers tearfully protest, but some Kansas grain dealers complain that they are unable to get box cars enough.

In the Circuit Court at Chicago Judge Kohlsaat enjoined the issuance of transportation by the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railway to the publishers of Munsey's Magazine in exchange for advertising. He held that the contract under which this transportation was issued is in violation of the Hepburn rate law. The railroad company gave notice of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

At Helena, Mont., legal representatives of the government began suit against the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Rocky Fork Coal Company and the Northwestern Improvement Company to recover title to valuable coal lands which is charged were procured through misrepresentation. The lands in question contain coal mines from which the railway obtains great quantities of coal through its control of the subsidiary companies.

Presumably due to the industrial depression of the past year, the death rate from accidents by rail appears to be on the decrease. The Accident Bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first quarter of 1908 shows a total of 125 passengers and employees killed, as compared with 220 such deaths in the preceding quarter, and with 340 in the one before that. The latest record is the smallest since these statistics were first collected in 1901. During the first quarter of this year the number of deaths of passengers and employees from all causes was 728, against 1092 in the preceding quarter. In the same period the number of casualties was 15,441, the least within three years.

The right of shippers to combine small quantities of freight of various ownership, either by arrangement among themselves or by a forwarding agency, was confirmed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a decision recently rendered.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has published the final figures of the income of the railroads for the last fiscal year. The total net earnings amounted to \$840,580,944, which is an increase of \$54,690,390. The total number of employees on the pay roll on June 30 was 1,072,074, against 1,521,355 a year ago.

## Night Sweats & Cough.

E. W. Walton, Condr. S. P. Ry., 717 Van Ness St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During the summer and fall of 1902, my annoyance from catarrh reached that stage where it was actual misery and developed alarming symptoms, such as a very deep-seated cough, night sweats, and pains in the head and chest. I experimented with several so-called remedies before I finally decided to take a thorough course of Peruna.

"Two of my friends had gone so far as to inform me that the thing for me to do was to resign my position and seek a higher, more congenial climate. Every-one thought I had consumption and I was not expected to live very long.

"Having procured some Peruna, I decided to give it a thorough test and applied myself assiduously to the task of taking it, as per instructions, in the meantime.

"The effects were soon apparent, all alarming symptoms disappeared and my general health became fully as good as it had ever been in my life.

"I have resorted to the use of Peruna on two or three occasions since that time to cure myself of bad colds."

### Squash Croquettes.

These are usually made of left-over baked squash, or squash may be baked for the purpose. When tender put through a vegetable press. To each pint allow a half cup of soft, fine bread crumbs, level tablespoonful of butter, and season well. Mix thoroughly over the fire and then turn out to cool. When cold form into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat in a wire basket, which comes for this purpose.

## CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

They say Count Boni de Castellane wants to marry again. Better put him on the marriage remnant counter and mark him at a bargain price.

If there is such a thing as the "automobile sore throat," it must be caused by the heart so frequently coming up into the throat of the person who has to dodge the automobile.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CLENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cleney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. W. & T. B. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. B. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. *Editor's Family Pills are the best.*

Family Doctor—And how old are you now, Robbie? Robbie—I'm not old at all, doctor. No man is old until his teeth are all gone, and here I'm getting a new set.

After being knocked down by a New York judge a Holy Roller was held in \$1,500 bail for assault. That would seem to be rubbing it in.

Any man who has won a prize guessing the number of seeds in a pumpkin thinks he can see the finish of the Gould-Je Sagan harness race.

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna** acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine. Manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** FADING DRUGGISTS—504 1st BOTTLE

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**S. N. U. No. 39—1908**

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## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Christ was a man of sorrows, but His sorrows were not His own.

A wrong beginning makes every thing wrong.

The difference between an old fool and a young one is that the

young one may get over it.

The longer faith has to wait the more it gets.

The man who has money too often has little else.

The right kind of living epistle is sure to be read.

The Lord does lots of good work with mighty poor tools.

A man's god is the thing that is getting the best of his life.

To make people wish to be religious we must show them how.

It is as impossible for character to stand still as it is for time to do it.

The man who has learned to pray right will not do anything else wrong.

A man's happiness does not depend upon what he has, but upon what he is.

If you have missed the mark don't give up. Load your gun and try again.

No matter what appearances may be, there is no real prosperity for the wicked.

The man who has a message from God will sooner or later have a chance to tell it.

The man who was one kind of fool yesterday will be some other kind tomorrow.

Study the warnings of Jesus and notice how anxious He was that men should not be lost.

## A FOOLISH FASHION.

Every innovation has its contemner, every new custom its decrier. The

glamour of the part is never quite rubbed off bygone ways, and some stickler for old-time methods is sure to find the present fashion both foolish and

futile. An example of this truth is found in J. K. Fowler's "Recollections of Old Country Life," in which an old

farmer finds a purely utilitarian use for a fast-disappearing article of dress.

As early as 1814 the smock had fallen into disfavor among some of the English country folk. On the occasion

of a visit of European royalty, the Earl of Bridgewater entertained the distinguished guests, and invited many of his

esteemed tenants to meet them at a big dinner.

These tenant-farmers were in the habit of wearing the useful and picturesque white smock, but the agent

in charge of affairs thought such country-dressed apparel not dignified enough for the occasion, and he gave orders that the

tenants should appear in broadcloth. This dictum created great dismay in the

breast of Ezra Mullens, the oldest and most respected of the farmers, and his consent was reluctantly given. He

complained, however, and had his proper coat of cloth cut and made for the occasion.

At the dinner Master Ezra was introduced as the oldest tenant, and accorded a place of honor at the table.

The old man pushed his chair away from his plate, bent forward, and ate a hearty meal, despite the fact that his

accustomed food did not spread across his knees, apron-fashion, to keep the crumbs from falling to the floor.

During the course of the dinner a plate was set before him, containing half a partridge, covered with bread

sauce and fried crumbs. The old man bravely attacked the bird, but in the act of dividing it, the plate overbalanced and fell between his legs. It broke, and landed its contents on the

floor. There was great consternation among the tenant guests, but Ezra turned proudly to his host, and said, reproachfully:

"There, my lord, plague take this 'ere coat! If I 'a' had on my smock I 'ould 'a' cotched it all!"

**Wanted His Dues.**

A reservation Indian was disconsolate over the breaking of his ax handle.

He laid his misfortune before the "farmer" of the reservation, who, through pity, took a new handle from his private stock and adjusted it to the

ax. The farmer then noticed that the ax was shockingly dull. So, motioning the owner to turn the grindstone, he

expended a half hour's time in sharpening the blade. When the re-habilitated ax was given to the Indian he was

childishly gleeful, but still lingered about, indicating by his actions that some feature of the transaction had not

been adjusted. The farmer was a little annoyed and called to an interpreter. "Ask the old fellow what he wants now," he directed.

After an exchange of grunts and gestures the interpreter announced, "He wants 25 cents."

"Twenty-five cents! What for?"

"For turning the grindstone," Harper's.

When a man doesn't feel like talking he hunts up some woman and listens.

Not to need an excuse is far better than a poor one.

## Old Favorites

**Casablanca.**

The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but him had fled; The flame that lit the battle's wreck Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, As born to rule the storm; A creature of heroic blood A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go Without his father's word; That father, faint, in death below, His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say, 'If I may yet be gone!'" He knew not that the chieftain lay Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried, "If I may yet be gone!" And but the booming shots replied, And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath, And in his waving hair, And looked from that lone post of death In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud, "My father! must I stay?" While o'er him fast through sail and shroud The writhing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, There is no real prosperity for the wicked.

The man who has a message from God will sooner or later have a chance to tell it.

The man who was one kind of fool yesterday will be some other kind tomorrow.

Study the warnings of Jesus and notice how anxious He was that men should not be lost.

With shroud and mast and pennon fair, That well had borne their part— But the noblest thing that perished there Was that young, faithful heart.

—Felicia Hemans.

**Seven Times Four.**

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall! When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,

And dance with the cuckoo-bird slender and small! Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,

Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups! Mother shall tread them a daisy chain; Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fair; Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but narrow."

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;

A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters, And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.

O, bonny brown sons, and O, sweet little daughters, Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups, Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall— A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall! Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,

God that is over us all! —Jean Ingelow.

## STAGE MASCOTS AND JONAH'S

**Actress Chats of the Superstitions and Fancies of Her Guild.**

"There are people who will tell you that superstition is dead and that in these mater-of-fact days there is neither room nor time to pay heed to the

strange fancies and beliefs so commonly held many years ago," says Grace George.

"To a certain extent, perhaps, this is true, though I am inclined to think, all the same, that as far as actresses and actors are concerned superstition is still very much alive—and is thriving uncommonly well, too. Indeed, 'first night' superstitions on the stage are plentiful. The strangest one came under my notice last year in a certain play in which I was starring. A few minutes before the 'call' I happened to be standing in the wings, when I espied the leading man engaged in tearing small pieces off a corner of the scenery, wearing the while an air as if to say, 'I am doing a good day's work.'"

"That is rather an expensive sort of amusement to the management, isn't it? I said, as I saw scenery which had taken weeks to paint being mutilated.

"Expensive to the management? No, I'm doing them a real good turn," replied the actor, "for there is no more infallible way in the world of making a place an out-and-out success than by touching up the scenery in this way—believe me, I know." Whether this mutilating process had anything to do with it, I would not like to say, but the piece was a big success."—Denver Republican.

**Looking for Work.**

"Why don't you go to work, instead of begging and boozing?"

"I will, boss, as soon as there's an openin' in my trade. An' I ain't got long to wait now, nuther."

"What is your trade?"

"I'm a trackwalker for aeroplane lines."

**Jilted.**

She jilted him but he could not Forget her; no poor man; The gifts he'd made her he had bought On the installment plan.

—Boston Transcript.

## Pepys on May Dew.

In Pepys's time May dew—that is, dew gathered from the grass on a May morning, and especially on the morning of May day—was highly prized for bleaching linen and improving the complexion. Pepys wrote in 1667: "My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich in order to a little air on to lie there tonight and so to gather May dew tomorrow morning, which Mrs. Turner bath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with, and I am contented with it." Two years later he made this entry in his diary: "Troubled, about 3 in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up and, rising herself, to go with her coach abroad to gather May dew, which she did, and I troubled for it for fear of any hurt going abroad so betimes happening to her, but I to sleep again. She came home about 6."

## A Little More Than Your Income.

A young man being asked how much it cost to live in New York city, replied: "A little more than your income, whatever that is." A young city clergyman on his first round of parish calls found a family on the verge of starvation. The man had been out of work for months. He had a wife and five children, the youngest a baby. They had just eaten the last bit of food in the house. The young clergyman gave them \$5 and collected for them twenty more before the day was out. A few days later he called to see about getting work for the man. They were again on the point of starving. With the \$25 the woman had bought a fine new baby carriage, some coffee and sugar. When the clergyman expostulated she indignantly denied extravagance. The children had broken the old carriage, and it was necessary the baby should have a daily airing. As for the coffee it was the first they had had in weeks. They were accustomed to it and needed it.—Appleton's Magazine.

It is common for victims of automobile disasters to lay the blame for their mishaps on the conditions of the road. But such is not sufficient. It is incumbent upon the driver of a car to feel that he is himself chiefly responsible for his own safety. The exhilaration of speed is very great. The sense of power in running a motor car is almost overwhelming. But none of these things should be permitted to inspire a reckless disregard of them. The roads should, of course, be made as safe as possible, and all who use them should exercise discretion, but above all else, it is for the man who runs the car himself to take care.

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Little New York Boy—Say, father, when will I be old enough so that I won't have to get up and give my seat to a lady?—Life.

## Russian Apples.

Pare and core the apples, fill with mince meat, put in a pan with enough water to keep from burning, add a little butter and sugar and bake.

It is every man to his taste, therefore nobody can have any quarrel with James Whitcomb Riley when he says he would rather be a poet than a politician.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

An Oklahoma woman has just secured her second divorce from the same man. She probably doesn't think much of that old poem, "Try, Try Again."

## Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

Designing, cutting, fitting, tailoring and dressmaking taught. French patterns cut. Positions secured graduates. Write for terms. 1509 Fourteenth Avenue, Seattle.

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# ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
One Year, in advance \$2.00  
Six Months, " " 1.00  
Three Months, " " .75

ADVERTISING RATES  
Professional Cards, per month \$1.00  
Display, per inch " " 1.00  
Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion;  
5 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

**JOB WORK**  
This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

## IT'S UP TO YOU, GENTLEMEN

We are informed that an effort will be made to get another newspaper plant to locate in Wrangell, as this paper's publisher is an "undesirable citizen," but we have an idea that the promoters will find it a larger job than they had thought. We base our opinion on the following facts:

First.—Wrangell affords but a bare living for a man who can do all the work about the office, and had it not been that a large part of this plant was put in a very short time after the boom, when the population of the town was greater than it is now, the outfit would not have earned interest on the investment.

Second.—There has never before been as great a demand for printers as there is now in all the states, especially on the Pacific coast, where people are preparing for the Seattle exposition. The wages are from \$20 to \$50 per week.

Third.—In order to make a printing plant pay in Wrangell, the proprietor must be able to do both the editorial and mechanical work, and must have all the job printing of the entire neighborhood, and also an advertising patronage comprising a majority of the places of business in the town.

Fourth.—If the publisher of a paper in Wrangell had to hire a printer, the business would quickly go to the wall.

Fifth.—Printers are a clannish lot, a fraternal feeling, as it were, existing between them. They will "throw mud" at each other to beat the band, and then chew each other's gum. A printer-publisher who finds that one paper has been boycotted by the very people who should have accorded it a hearty support will be slow about putting \$1200 to \$2000 into a plant which he may have to move at almost any time.

Sixth.—If a printer is induced to come to Wrangell, about the first place he strikes for will be this office. When he looks over the files of this paper, and taking an impartial view of their contents, finds nothing to justify a boycott, he will say "Well, I guess this is the wrong town for me."

Seventh.—If it is necessary to subsidize a plant where will the money come from? There will be nothing doing in this way.

Now, admitting the truth of the foregoing, what would be the effect upon the town if this office were compelled to close its doors?

First.—Every cent spent by the business men for stationery, etc., would be sent away from town and thereby taken out of local channels of business. This does not amount to a great deal to each individual, but the aggregate would surprise one who had not given the matter deliberate thought.

Second.—People intending to invest in property for the purpose of establishing industries would say "Well, I guess I don't want to locate in a town whose business men boycott and drive out industries, instead of encouraging them." Such people would then look about for another opening.

Third.—The effect of such a condition would be to retard population, and this would in turn result in a slumping of property values. We say without boasting that a newspaper is the most important factor in the development of a town in a new country. In order to be of benefit to the town the paper must have the hearty co-operation of the town's business men. And it must work, tooth and nail, for the purity, protection and other best interests of not only the town, but the entire section as well. And we insist that the SENTINEL has been such a paper ever since its inception.

As we have said before, a paper or its policy may not be satisfactory to everybody; but so long as it strives for the improvement of society, the enhancement of property values, the establishment of new industries, the exploiting of natural resources, the dissemination of reliable information concerning the section in which it is published, and the protection of its patrons against fraud and deception, it has done its duty, and is entitled to a hearty support. We ask any conservative, fair-minded, broad, liberal, unprejudiced reader if the SENTINEL has fulfilled all these functions. Give the devil his dues and answer this question.

And we say further, that not having made a personal attack on any citizen, we do not think that we have done any wrong, and we do not therefore feel constrained to beg anybody for their patronage.

If we have libelled any person there are courts to inflict punishment upon us. But there is not a court in the land that would convict us for any statement that ever appeared in this paper.

Still further, we say that if we can not get sufficient business to make a living from some other source, it is up to the business men of Wrangell to say whether or not their patrons are to be deprived of the privilege of reading a paper printed in their home town. If they do not want their patrons to enjoy reading a Wrangell paper, so be it. If they wish the paper to remain, well and good. We do not say this by way of imploring any business man to resume his patronage; nor do we mean to be in any way impudent. But we are grateful for the patronage heretofore accorded us, and say with all due respect that the future is a matter of absolute indifference to us.

We hold no enmity against those who withdrew, because we believe they each and all would rather have the industry here than not; and that in this instance they concluded without due deliberation. And we think they will all agree to our fairness in this.

## THE PAPER INDUSTRY

The great German chemist, Liebig, once said that the degree of a nation's civilization might be gaged by the amount of soap which that nation used. The Scientific American says that a similar epigram would truthfully hold good for paper making. The amount of paper used is a very good indicator of the educational development of a nation. The diffusion of books, magazines and newspapers is one of the principal means for the dissemination of learning. For the purposes of comparison we have assumed that all newspaper, book paper, writing paper, etc., has been run from the machines in a continuous web of paper adapted for a newspaper press of herculean size.

In the case of the United States this annual shaft of paper would be 830 feet high, 377 feet in diameter, and it would weigh 2,780,000 tons. Germany, a great book and reading nation, comes next with a 937,000-ton roll 588 feet high and 267 feet in diameter. England follows with a roll 495 feet high, 225 feet in diameter and weighing 573,000 tons, certainly a considerable quantity for an insular kingdom. France comes next with a 419,000-ton roll 445 feet high, 202 feet in diameter. Austria makes a good showing with her 346,000 tons, the roll being 418 feet high and 190 feet in diameter. Last of all the six great paper-producing coun-

tries stands Italy, whose annual production of paper amounts to 265,000 tons, the roll being 379 feet high and 172 feet in diameter. The aggregate amount of capital invested in all six countries is little short of a billion dollars.

Through the persistent efforts of Governor Hoggatt, the government has at last decided to station one of the revenue cutters in Southeastern Alaska waters, and the Perry has arrived on this station, with headquarters at Juneau. This is a wise move on the part of the government, though a trifle belated. However, we will all feel better if we apply the old adage "better late than never."

## SERIAL NO. 688 SOLDIER'S ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD ENTRY BY ASSIGNMENT

U. S. LAND OFFICE,  
Juneau, Alaska, Sept. 19, 1908.  
NOTICE is hereby given that Lewis P. Hunt, whose postoffice address is Mankato, Minnesota, the legal assignee of Thomas McCormack, beneficiary under Section 2306, Revised Statutes of the United States, granting additional lands to soldiers and sailors who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, has applied to enter the lands embraced in U. S. Survey No. 215, situated on the south shore of Shakan Strait, and more particularly described as follows:  
Beginning at Corner No. 1, 15 links above high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked B; Cor. No. 1 S. 215, whence U. S. Location Monument No. 5 bears N. 8 degrees 52 minutes W. 37.22 chains distant; thence S. 44 deg. 00 min. E. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 2, a stone marked 2 S. 215; thence S. 46 deg. 00 min. W. 19.34 chs. to Cor. No. 3, a stone marked 3 S. 215; thence N. 44 deg. 00 min. W. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 4, 4th high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked 4 S. 215; thence along said high water mark, (1) N. 47 deg. 00 min. E. 6.30 chs.; (2) N. 43 deg. 22 min. E. 4.60 chs.; (3) N. 33 deg. 00 min. E. 9.10 chs. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning. Area, 79.983 acres. Magnetic variation at all corners 33 deg. 00 min. E. as additional to the said McCormack's original homestead on the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, in township 10 south of range 1 west, which he entered at New Orleans, La., per Homestead Entry No. 5, dated January 17th, 1867.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of the above described tract of land are required to file with the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, their adverse claim, thereagainst, under oath, during the period of the publication of this notice, or within thirty days thereafter, or they will be barred by provisions of the statutes.

LEWIS P. HUNT,  
It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be published for the statutory period in the ALASKA SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at Wrangell, Alaska.  
JOHN W. DUDLEY,  
Register.

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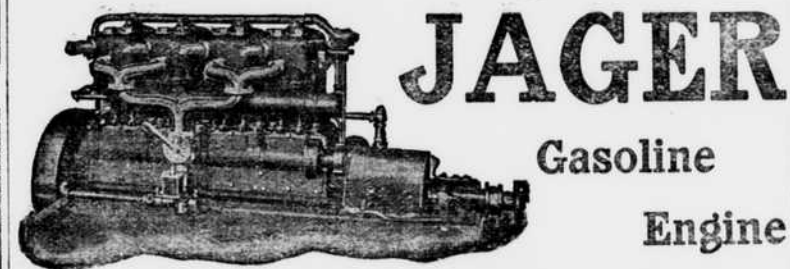
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